Massage Therapy

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/18861136.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	F/M
Fandom:	Wiedźmin | The Witcher (Video Game)
Relationship:	Triss Merigold/Original Male Character(s)
Character:	Triss Merigold
Additional Tags:	Anal Sex, Cowgirl Position
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2019-05-17 Words: 2,009 Chapters: 1/1

Massage Therapy

by Lewdsmokesoldier

Summary

Things are getting worse in the North for anyone who the Church of the Eternal Fire has deemed heretical. Many of Triss's allies are now targets, to say nothing of the risk to her own person. She needs to flee, but before she does, she chances one final visit with a friend, who'll send her off in style.

Based upon this image by Athazel.

Notes

Based upon this image by Athazel! Give them a follow if you want to see more Triss!

I'm also on twitter and Hentai Foundry.

Triss Merigold knew that change was upon her. She could smell it in the air, even when she wrinkled her nose to try and block out the scent of burning homes and unwashed, downtrodden men. The world was collapsing, and it was all she could do to stay alive and keep those like her from becoming scapegoats, victims of the waves of genocide being carried out in the name of fear and ignorance.

Novigrad wasn't a safe place anymore for mages, or anyone who might draw the ire of Radovid and his pet Witch Hunters. She needed to evacuate her friends, and fast, before it was too late.

But even with the urgency, the lives she knew were at stake, Triss had one more thing she had to do for herself. She knew it was selfish and irresponsible, but she justified it to herself with the argument that if she *didn't* take care of this, she'd be performing that much worse when the time came.

That's how she found herself slipping through the doorway of Sigismund's bathhouse, hood draped tight around her head to disguise her telltale scarlet hair. Not only was she gambling with her life, she was risking the safety of everyone who depended on her by indulging in this vice. But she wouldn't have been able to live with herself if she had to forgo it before leaving the city, probably forever.

She gave her telltale knock, a *rat-tat-tat* of her knuckles on the door, light and specific enough that the only person inside knew it was her. Knew that a very specific kind of service would be sought out by *this* client.

Thankfully, he was discreet. The door creaked open, she flitted through the gap, and it closed and locked behind her. A sigh of relief slipped from between her lips, and Triss allowed him to give her a small, tight embrace. He was only her masseuse-turned-fuckbuddy, but he still read the atmosphere in the region and knew how dangerous it was to be Triss Merigold right now.

"I'm glad you're okay." He murmured, nuzzling into her hair, pushing her hood back to reveal her freckled features.

"Thank you." She tried to offer him some further gratitude, some greater reassurance, but the words died on her lips. What else could she say? The world was about to be lit afire, and the best they could hope for was to survive the conflagration. They had to take these moments where they could.

"The usual, Missus Merigold?" He tried to inject some tease into his voice, but the strain shone through instead. He knew this would likely be their last time together, one more stolen act of bliss in the chaos to come. She had to take it: she could deal with the withdrawal, the separation from her addiction later. She'd always known that Geralt would find her again, but this had been fun in the meantime.

"Of course." Her lips drifted over his cheek as she took his hands in hers, guiding them till he was groping her covered ass in one and her tits in the other. He had strong hands, but they

were capable of extraordinary gentleness: fitting for a masseuse. When he kissed her, her other worries seemed to melt away into the heat of his mouth, his lips on hers creating such warmth as to evaporate away her stresses.

She slipped out of her boots, her leather and fabrics falling to the floor in short order, the sweet perfumes of his massage chamber drifting over her now-exposed body. Freckles dusted her skin, a careless swathing of her complexion. Her breasts, full and tight as they were, were dotted with the same pigmentation, as was her rear, her asscheeks swallowing up a bright red thong between them, the same color as her locks and the muff of her pubic hair. For his part, he never wore much: for his profession, being half-naked was almost a necessity, and he certainly had the body to make it worthwhile.

He reached for the massage oil, guiding her to the plush red cushions overlooking the bath, but she held out a hand to stop him. “Please. I...I want to feel you, all of you, as much as I can. As long as I can. Can we skip to that part?”

A sad smile crossed his features, but it was gone before Triss could be sure it was ever there. Even now, he was the consummate professional, though they’d long gone past that. “Of course.” His grasp went for a different bottle, this one of pink, rosy glass. A pop of the cap, a tip of the container, and a tiny shimmer of lotion pooled into his palm, a gem of precious fluid more valuable than it might seem.

He lay down on his back, propped by the cushions, working the liquid between his fingers until they shined in the candlelight, then taking his hands to himself. More specifically, to his cock, giving it long, slow, meaningful rubs, coating it. In truth, Triss had taken his cock in her ass enough times that they didn’t need lubricant anymore. In fact, the very last time they’d done this, he’d gone ahead and bent her over the bath, pulled her pants down and hammered away at her ass without preparation till he filled her rear with his load and left her drooling into the water.

But there was something truly romantic, truly *intimate* about such preparation. Perhaps as a substitute for true foreplay, or for the stroking and massaging that usually preceded their buttfucking. Whatever it was, the simple act of lubing himself up worked wonders for her. Or so she thought, as she slipped her thong off and steadied herself above him, her legs on either side of his waist, his glistening cock aiming straight for her ass.

She met his eyes, warm and welcoming. He could’ve stared at her tits, swaying and gloriously grabbable, but he did not. He could’ve eyed up her cunt, glistening beneath the tangle of her ruby-red pubic hair, but he did not. Triss would’ve understood if he’d done either of those things.

Instead, he surprised her. His eyes locked on hers, and she learned more in that second than she’d come to know in their entire time together. First as client and provider, and then as two lonely souls looking for warm, tender release: him inside and on her, blowing his loads wherever she’d allow him, and her in spurting, quivering orgasms around his mouth, fingers and cock. Now, she knew that he truly understood her. Perhaps not the full extent of her plans, but certainly the terror she lived with.

He was telling her, *It's okay. I understand. I know what you have to do. I know what kind of pressure you're under.*

Triss needed to honor that trust, that empathy, the most fitting way she knew how. If this would be goodbye, it'd be the best departure she could have, for both their sakes.

Leaning back, steadying herself with her fingers on his chest while he took both her buttocks in his hands, Triss Merigold bit her lip as the thick head of his equally thick cock prodded her asshole. Insistently, at first, and then gently parting the star of her anus, filling her up with all the girth and warmth she'd come to expect in a slowly cresting wave of penetration. She kept lowering herself, kept her pace steady as he plunged deeper into her rear until, at last, he bottomed out, her ass coming to rest against his thighs with a gentle *smack*.

It was done. He was fully in her, balls deep in her ass. Triss could hardly believe it: no matter how many times she'd let her masseuse bang her butt, it was *always* shockingly refreshing. Her eyes, weary from stress and danger, lit up with new vigor as he rubbed all around inside her, spreading her rear wide around his dick.

It was an impressive dick, for an impressive man. He knew how to use it, to her delight, and her rear still fit as snug around it as it had the first time he'd fucked her. They only had one more shot at this, so they'd best make it count.

Triss let air whistle out from between her lips as she raised herself up halfway off his cock, trying hard to avoid digging her fingers into his skin as he kneaded her asscheeks with practiced, steady hands. It wouldn't do to punish him for such a stellar performance. When she started to lean back down, lowering herself onto his cock, he surprised her by thrusting upwards, eliciting a tiny squeal.

Naughty, but he was teasing her. This wasn't a time for rapid, ass-slapping, ball-swinging buttfucking. It was a time for romance. And so, Triss kept up her pace, agonizingly, satisfyingly slow, gliding up and down on his dick and gripping him tight. Her ass was cozily accommodating his shaft, and giving her just as much pleasure from the heat and fullness being buried in her.

They seemed to go for hours, rocking back and forth against and on each other, never fully accelerating beyond their initial pace. That was all right with them: drawing it out, even for a few minutes longer, would be worth it.

But, alas, it seemed their time would be up. It started when he couldn't resist thrusting back up against Triss as she lowered her ass on his cock, or when her arms trembled and shuddered from the effort of holding herself up against the pleasure buzzing up from his cock in her ass. His fingers gripped her a little bit tighter, her teeth sank a little bit more into her lip. They'd both be coming undone soon. No matter how desperately they wished for more time, they both had limits and were lucky enough to be approaching them in tandem.

No words were needed. Triss didn't even need to look down at him, but she did anyway, if only to get a glance at how his eyelids fluttered in concentration. The heat in her own core was building, gaining traction and speed alongside the pressure in her crotch.

When he came, it was with a slow, deep sigh, his chest deflating as he held himself halfway in her ass, halfway out, balls pulsing while he fired his load into Triss Merigold's magnificent butt. Triss was no stranger to buttfucking-induced orgasms, but the slow, rolling pleasure that suffused her in waves of relief and loosened tension, in time with the convulsions of her climaxing quim atop his pelvis, still surprised her. He was at it for a long time: he had a lot of cum saved up, and was doing his part in emptying it into her ass. The fullness grew, but Triss didn't care: she'd happily take five more of his cumshots up her butt if she had the time.

The numbness of sensation brought on by climaxing slowly faded, and Triss was left looking down at the man who'd comforted her so profoundly all this time. He smiled up at her, but they both knew this would be the last time.

She wished him well: he'd make someone very happy someday, with skills like his, when he decided to settle down.

As for Triss Merigold herself...well, there was still the matter of Geralt. Her hopes for the city's mages rested on a meeting she was due to attend with Dijkstra soon. She'd probably find him there.

Still, the cumload that had flooded her ass and painted it white with her masseuse's seed was proof enough that she'd found something meaningful, however fleeting, and she was loathe to climb off of his dick while it was still warm. Maybe Triss could stay here just a little bit longer, feeling his cock stretch her ass, keeping her oh-so-very warm.

What could be the harm in that? Maybe, just maybe, they could sneak in one more round of anal...

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